

A
LETTER
TO
FERGUSON,

Or any other, the suppos'd Author of a late
Scandalous Libel, Entitled, *An Elogie upon*
Sir Tho. Armstrong.

From one that heartily wishes them what they deserve.

WHEN first the noted Libel did appear,
The Hearts of all your Friends were strook with fear;
Finding, like a true Block-head, you had chose
Some *Belgick* Muse to rally *Armstrong's* Foes.

For all your dear Acquaintants in this Isle,
Tho' they extoll'd the Treason, damn'd the style,
And joyntly own'd, that by Poetick Laws,
True Hanging you deserv'd, but no Applause,
Stories obscene may dully be exprest,
And with each wanton Humour pass for jest:
Misprisions too may crawl in humble strain,
And no Whigg curst for his insipid vein.
But haughty Treason, dangerous and sublime,
Should have a Genius lofty as the Crime.
For who upon that Theme poor Dogrill writes,
Rather does damp Rebellion, than excites.
Curse on thy sottish Head, that was the cause
Of forming Monsters without Teeth or Claws:
Poyson they have enough, and shape to fright,
But the poor Devils can neither scratch nor bite.
Scorn'd and thrown by, like a blunt edgless Tool,
And shew thee much a Rogue, but more a Fool.

Ah! could Old *Shaftsbury* have leave to rise
From the dark noisom Charnel where he lyes,
What Rage thy Rhimes would in his Soul beget,
To see such Loads of Treason, and no Wit!
The *German* Herefie he had suppress'd,
And *Anabaptist* Cant by thee profess'd.

He would have Christen'd thee to hide that shame,
 And thou *Eternal Dunce* had been thy Name.
 Methinks I see the little Elder stand
 Wielding his Fatal Spigot in his hand,
 Which he had torn from out its tender place,
 Ready to throw the Faucet in thy face.
 If ere his Maxims were before thy Eyes,
 Thou then would'st find a Rebel should be wise,
 And with slye Logick gloss his fallacies.
 But thy dull Brain makes all the Party droop;
 Thy Soul was gorg'd with Treason's Poyson'd Cup,
 And here thy nasty Muse has spew'd it up.
 Burn then that Hand that held thy guilty Pen,
 And so recover thy lost Fame agen.
 Atone for writing Nonsense, burn it straight,
 And *Cranmer*, whom thou talk'st of, imitate.
 Yet, in each Case, be this distinction taught,
 He burnt for what his Conscience found a fault,
 But thou for having prov'd thy self a Sor.
 And when it comes, as sure 'twill be thy Fate,
 That the same Truncheon shall adorn a Gate
 There flourish, since thou think'st it flourishing,
 And stink in black defiance of the King.
 'Mongst all the Sciences in Kingdoms known,
 To be a Villain, is the easiest one.
 From *English* Soil in swarms such Insects rise,
 Bred out of Excrement, like Drones and Flies.
 But tho' a Dunce may serve in common Arts,
 A Rebel still should be a Rogue of Parts.
 Fools Ominously shew our near Disgraces;
 Thus *Dick* the Scepter lost, *M* — *th* his Places,
 Sir *Martin* marrs the Politician's toy,
 And *Oats* and *Cummins* two wise Plots did spoil.
 'Twere wondrous well, if Fate would order't so:
 That each man did his Sphere of Knowledge know,
 Then thou thy Talent cautiously would'st see,
 And School the Rabble, not write Elogie.
 Instruction there might raise thy Fame agen,
 A Canting Saint, tho' Devil at thy Pen.
 For when Hell's Synod would Rebellion Teach,
 The dullest Rogue is still most fit to Preach.
 Excuse me, that thy want of Brains I quote,
 Affronts seem Raillery with Friends remote;
 Besides, I meerly do't to save thy Soul,
 Lest thou should'st damn it by some other Scrawl.
 Like one that squints, thou see'st not thy own ill,
 But throw'st on others Atoms that can kill,
 Envenom'd like this Couplet of thy Quill;
 To be concern'd the STUARTS to restore,
 Is a Reproach that hardly can be bore.
 Did ever Hell-hound write the like before?
 Such Malice, with such Non-sense, for 'twas all
Armstrong had left to save his certain fall.

[Libel.

His

His turn-coat Zeal was his best Policy,
For he long since had else been mounted high,
And his Preferment curst of Pensioner and Spy.

Methinks I see thee Summon the Cabal,
And on that Distich ask their Counsels all:
G—y. N—p, Ire—n, to the Theme advance,
And B—don, that weht ore in Complaisance.
Then Goodenough brings grizly T—ner in,
And his fair Spouse, that lately sick had bin,
And scap't great danger her last Lying-in.
The Mighty lines were scan'd and understood,
And all upon their Honours swore 'em good:
Methinks too at their words I see thee swell,
As Boys make Bubbles, or as Butchers Veal.
Thus rank Abuse, and Praise in Ridicule,
Ne're fail to please with your conceited Pool.

Shew me a Traiterous Plot has been achiev'd,
Where Rogues were not at last by Rogues deceiv'd:
Like Lobsters strook, they Naturally draw
The rest, and on each other fix a Claw.

Therefore to give thee cause to think me just,
I'll shew thee why these are not fit for trust.
First, G—y, that now is weary of one Wh—
Will 'peach, because he's Scandalously poor:
Besides, she's ugly grown; and 'tis our Natures,
When Beauty's gone, to think 'em nauseous Creatures:

She too inrag'd, because another Dame
Lately come o're, Usurps her Place and Name,
Is wondrous thoughtful: And 'tis ten to one,
When such can think, some Mischief will be done.

Next, burly B—don he so wide does gape,
Secrets, as well as Flies, must needs escape:
Treason can ne're lye safe in one, whose Skin
Is made too little to contain it in:

For whilest he cleanly takes pains to stop
One end, another certainly is ope;
And I should be in fear of the back-door,
As much as of the Wicket that's before.
Then never trust, nor think him secret proof,
Whom Nature would not trust with Skin enough.

Ire—n his parts for Armstrong lately play'd,
And spok'd so well in Dutch to get him Aid;
The Shag-hair'd Ruffian well deserv'd the Grace
To have been Shipp'd, and gain'd the second Place.
His Name conceal'd, he durst appear in this;
For the Devil himself has not a worse than his:
But finding that he was observ'd, and known,
Quench'd his hot Zeal, and sneak'd into the Town.
Friends are forgot when Dangers are too near,
By such as tremble with a guilty fear.

Then since the least of Ills 'tis best to take,
Faith trust to thy own self for thy own sake:
'Tis better to be hang'd for what thou dost,
Than by their tricks to dangle, as thou must.

Self.

His

Self-preservation is our chiefeft care;
And thou thy Treason beft canft know and bear;
Besides, thy Folly makes thee safe enough,
Nothing holds Poyfon like an Affes hoof.

Your Quoting Scripture is as dull a thing,
As you should fwear you'r Loyal to the King;
Of equal worth and weight to all your Friends;
So once the Devil did it for his Ends;
But was, I think, more subtil than you are,
And fure the better Writer too by far.
Inftead of matching *Tom* with *Cato*, he
Had wrote, *Bold Bravo, Thou art fit for me*:
But thou haft wash'd him, and as *spotlefs* made;
As he had never Murder'd nor Betray'd.
Some Counfel now, and then I'll give thee o're,
Continue Rogue, but dare to write no more
With Satyrs if thou would'ft thy Foes difgrace,
Shew 'em no more thy fcribbling, but thy face
There's profit in't, five hundred pounds lye dead
For want of thy Satyrical damp'd Head:
But touch no more on *CHARLES*, his Sacred Line,
For all th' Affembly of the Powers Divine,
In Miracles his God-like Virtues own,
Defending many Years his oft-attempted Crown.
Besides, broad Lyes the Party will undo,
Satyrs fhould all be fharp, but yet be true:
Nor need'ft thou thus thy felf more Guilty make;
But now, if after all, I fhould miftake,
And that the Libel was not thine, pray tell
The Author, this will ferve his turn as well.

From *Pontack's* Tavern, formerly
known by the Noted Name of
Shepheards, this 13th. of *August*,
1684.

F I N I S.

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